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### A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M.  
JOHN P. TRACY, Secy.

### R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSTEIN, M. E. Sec.

### I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.  
L. B. BERRYMAN, N. G.  
W. H. PHIPPS, Sec.  
H. P. BERRYMAN, D. G. M.

### I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 21, 1877.

NO. 7.

## A MAIL FROM ONE OF THE L. P. & S. W. R. EMPLOYEES.

BY N. EDMUNDSON.

Oh, how, it really is too bad, Our Road Master has gone, And wages and the force cut down— It might as well be none. Old Haywood is Road Master now, And along the line, they say, Hereafter we will have to work For just "six bits" per day.

Six bits per day and pay for board; Now is it not too mean, To think that men should be used so Who better days have seen? To think a man can live at this, I know he never can; Before I'd humor Haywood so I'd see him and Minty damned.

But Haywood says it is not so— It won't hurt us at all, The reduction they talked about Was in the officials. The truth of course he'd shrink, And tell the men most anything To have them keep at work.

But when the pay comes out, 'Tis then we'll know what's done, We'll find that Minty's words are true, In Order number One. They'll pay us off at seventy-five, And if we ask for more, They'll say get out, we won't pay none, Now travel for that door.

ROSTON, Ky., Feb. 10, 1877.

## THE PHOTOGRAPH MYSTERY.

The last object viewed in life is said to be so impressed upon the retina of the eye that it can be photographed therefrom after death. When this theory was first broached, an occasional effort was made to test its accuracy as a means of identifying murders; and the most extraordinary of these cases forms the groundwork of the present story.

In the summer of 18—, a young physician, named Edward Stone, commenced practice in a certain village not far from New York City. In saying that he commenced practice, I mean that he seriously intended to do so when patients were forthcoming. In his medical studies he made a specialty of diseases of the eye; but as there is nothing of any account for an oculist in a small village, he made a virtue of necessity, and put up his sign as physician merely. He invested all the money he had in the world in a cheap little cottage, which he selected, not for its business advantages, but because it was the very pink of perfection in all other respects. For the fact was, he was engaged to be married as soon as his circumstances would permit. His affianced wife was Ella Thorne, the daughter of the village lawyer; and, p or as Edward Stone was, he would not have exchanged her silver voice for a golden dove.

When he first entered into possession he only furnished the two lower rooms of the house, the front one being his consulting-room, and the rear one his bedroom. The visits of patients were like those of angels, "few and far between;" but whenever he had an extra run of luck, he and Ella would have a fine time shopping together, in order to furnish the house by degrees, and have it in readiness when the auspicious moment arrived.

To keep up appearances—an indispensable thing in this world—the doctor was obliged to keep some one to answer the door, and make himself generally useful. In accordance with an invariable custom, the doctor got the largest youth he could obtain for the money; and this happened to be a dogged fellow, who enjoyed the enviable reputation of having "a devil in him." Of course the wages that Seth, as he was called, received from the doctor were not sufficient to keep body and soul together; and as he wrote an excellent hand, two birds were killed with one stone by lawyer Thorne's giving him occasional employment as copyist.

The summer passed away—autumn came and went—and even winter brought no improvement in Edward's prospects; and the poor fellow often wondered whether his flowering hopes would share the fate of everything else the summer had brought forth.

Just at this time, a wealthy man of science offered a large sum of money for the best treatise on the subject alluded to at the commencement of this article.—Being thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to that subject, Edward Stone applied himself to the task like an enthusiast. He did not do this so much for the prize itself as for what lay behind it; for he saw in fancy a ruddy flame in his dingy fire-place, and beside it sat Ella Thorne, with a child on her knee, as much like her as it is possible for any but to be like a flower. And although it was but an imaginary flame, it lent a new sparkle to his eye, as he sat up after night engaged in that labor of love. As the work progressed, he read it aloud to Ella, and they laid a thousand foolish plans regarding the expenditure of the money—when he obtained it. So much was to be invested in the wedding-dress, so much in a perfect rainbow of a carpet for the parlor, and, to cap the climax, Edward added, with an effort to be funny, "We will buy that gaudy picture of the Good Samaritan in Wellington boots and swallow-tailed coat, that we saw in the shop window the other day."

No telescope ever saw so many stars in heaven as the eye of Faith, and neither Edward nor Ella entertained the possibility of a failure to secure the prize.—But after the manuscript had been forwarded, they waited with their hearts in

their mouths for the day upon which the successful competitor was to be announced. And every hawk they saw reconnoitering above the village seemed, to their anxious eyes, a carrier pigeon, bearing the intelligence they so impatiently awaited. At length the momentous period arrived, and the result justified their most sanguine expectations. Edward was declared entitled to the prize, and was duly notified to appear forthwith and receive the amount in hand cash.

The two were almost beside themselves with joy, and the wedding day was fixed at once. Edward lost no time in securing the money, but like most young doctors, he had no bank account; so on returning home with the amount late at night, he took the precaution to fasten it in a belt about his waist. After dismissing Seth, who was waiting for his return, Edward sat down by his bed-room fire, and was soon lost in one of those reveries where everything is *couleur de rose*. Often when he sat beside Ella in church, the sun would suddenly strike through the painted window, and make the gloomy aisle burst into blossoms with rubies and emeralds; and thus the enchanted vista of the future appeared to Edward Stone on that memorable night.

There was a brook just behind the cottage, but winter had laid its icy finger on its warbling lips—consequently the gurgling sound that broke the silence of midnight could not proceed from that source. Whatever caused it the gurgling sound soon ceased, and was succeeded by the prolonged howl of a dog in the distance—that peculiar howl by which the superstitious know that some one is dying in the village.

The next morning Seth was on his way to the cottage, as usual, when he encountered lawyer Thorne, who was just striking out for his morning walk. "I think we are going to have a fine day," said he to Seth. "It may be," replied the latter; "but it will be a wistful one, if that red sky is any sign."

The lawyer had an eye like a lynx, but for the life of him he could not discover the slightest glint of red in the heavens. "By the way," said he, "as you have finished all but a page or two of your last job, it will take you but a moment or two to do it now."

Seth was at first disinclined to comply; but he finally went in and sat down with pen in hand, waiting for the ink, which the lawyer brought from his desk in the adjoining room.

Before commencing, Seth drew his hand across his eyes, as if to brush away something which blurred his sight; and he had scarcely written the first word before he started up and angrily exclaimed: "I didn't ask you for red ink!"

The ink was as black as the ace of spades; and this being Seth's second optical delusion that morning, the lawyer advised him to defer the copying for a short time. Seth thereupon departed for the doctor's cottage, and shortly afterward came rushing back to announce that he had found a hatchet imbedded in his skull.

In consequence of his suspicious conduct at lawyer Stone's, Seth was promptly arrested, and was speedily brought to trial.

Directly after the murder, it transpired that the prize for the treatise was offered by a gentleman who knew of the peculiar situation in which Edward Stone and Ella Thorne were placed, and in offering that prize he accomplished the double purpose of advancing the interest of science, and of rendering pecuniary assistance in a delicate way. Next to Ella herself, no one was so horrified by the murder of this person; for, as it was followed by robbery, he reproached himself for being the indirect cause of the tragedy. So, in order to make all the amends in his power, he devoted all his energies to the prosecution of the suspected man. Being an enthusiast in regard to the theory on which poor Stone had written, he determined to reduce it into practice as a means of conviction. He employed one of the most skillful photographers in New York City to photograph the eye of the murdered man, and thus obtained the portrait of the murderer.

On the day of the trial the photograph so taken was brought into court in a sealed envelope; and after the preliminary proof had been submitted, the photograph was duly exhibited to the jury.

The foreman was a weather-beaten old trapper, who would have looked a wildcat in the eye with perfect composure; but he no sooner saw the photograph than he covered his face with his horny hands and uttered a cry of horror that will echo in the ears of those that heard it until it is shut out by the coffin lid.

It was the photograph of Ella Thorne! Every one saw from the wild excitement that it would be useless to prosecute the matter further, and the prisoner was straight discharged from custody; but of course no one was so devoid of reason as to suspect Ella Thorne of any complicity in the crime. Years past, and the people of that village began to lose faith in the proverb "murder will out," when Ella, who had devoted herself to deeds of charity since that awful period, was summoned to the bedside of Seth, who had been wounded in a drunken brawl. On her arrival, the drunken

wretch spoke as follows, although some of the words gushed out with a mouthful of blood:

"There is not a creeping thing on God's earth that doesn't see the day it wished for wings; but nobody had the charity to suppose that I ever wanted to be any better than I was. Ever since I first saw you I turned my back on God to worship the original of this portrait."

He fumbled under the bed clothes for a moment, and she recoiled in horror as he produced her own miniature that she had given to Edward Stone, and which was now smeared with his blood. Having exhibited this, Seth proceeded with his recital:

"Mine was a nature that could stand any number of kicks, when a single kind word would have been too much for me. But I didn't get it—so let that pass. Edward Stone was superior to me in every thing but in love for you; and when he came between us like a snake, I resolved to send him to the only place where I could meet him on equal terms. That place was the grave. A dying bed is no place for hypocrisy, and I admit that the money was one incentive to the murder; but when I saw him gazing at this miniature just as I struck him down, I drove the hatchet in as inch or two deeper as I thought of his love for you—I secreted that portrait with the money and I want no other man to wear it next to his heart, as I often did at night when no curious eyes were about; so you are welcome to it, and all the more so because it has the blood of Edward Stone upon it. I feel no remorse for what I did, although everything has looked red to me ever since his blood spurted up into my eyes, and even those black clouds on yonder crimson sky look like vultures on a field of blood!"

As he pointed upward he fell back dead; but the mystery connected with the photograph was solved; for the face photographed from the dead man's eye was the one it had viewed in Ellen's miniature an instant before it had closed for ever.

## One O'Clock.

[M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.] He was an old man—at least seventy—chilled through by the raw winds sweeping the streets. He had crept to the Central Station to warm himself. The Captain gave him a bite to eat, and by-and-by the old man grew loquacious.

"I expect to die behind the bars," he said, as he looked into the corridor. "Ever been in prison?" I asked as he resumed his seat.

"Years and years," he answered. "Fact is, I don't feel at home outside the walls. I was among the first fifty men in the State Prison at Jackson, and they've had me there, off and on, for over twenty years."

The old man removed his hat, combed his few gray locks with his fingers, and mused:

"Less see? I was sent from Detroit for four years, and that's four. I was sent from Grand Rapids for eight years, and that makes twelve. I was sent from Port Huron for three years, and that's fifteen. I went back for horse-stealing long enough to make it twenty-one years, and that's pretty fair for one man, eh?"

I was lost in amazement at his coolness, and pretty soon he said:

"Used to have some exciting times out there. Prisoners were whipped, showered and tortured, and the life-cells were always full. We knocked over a guard now and then, and I've been in some plots to rise and murder all the officials."

"But were always frustrated," I observed.

"Always. When it wasn't one thing it was another. The keepers would be changed, or some of the men would peach, or a new rule would come out that day, and all our plans would be knocked in the head. We had one real good chance to clean out the prison, and it was a singular circumstance that baffled us. If I had a chew of tobacco to keep my mouth moist I tell you the yarn."

After rolling the fine-cut under his tongue he went on:

"It is a good many years back. The prison was new, and the management was not what it is now, of course. Somebody was escaping every week or so, and it was easy enough to smuggle in money and tools and cook up conspiracies. There were a hundred and seventy-nine of us, and the wickedest man in prison was a horse-thief and highway robber named Ben Mason. He was in for fifteen years, I believe, and feeling desperate like, he was as ugly as Satan. They had him in the kitchen as cook, and in those days the prisoners had little or no work and were locked up most of the time. Ben hadn't been in the prison a hundred days before he worked up one of the wickedest plans you ever heard of. He was to head a rebellion, and we were to murder every prison official, arm as best we could, and then march down and plunder and burn the town."

The old man paused a moment as the door opened, and then continued:

"All the details of the plan were soon communicated to every convict, and every single man was agreed. Ben made a key, or two or three of them, by which he could unlock all the cells. Only two

guards were on duty in the corridor at night, and they were at one end. They were changed at one o'clock at night, and it happened at this hour that the guards were ten or fifteen minutes in getting in, thus leaving an interval to be taken advantage of. Well, the programme was for Ben Mason to unlock his cell door just before one o'clock. He could easily do this from the inside with the lock then in use. As the old guard passed out he was to fly from door to door, let out as many convicts as he had time, and then overpower the new guards as they came in. This done, all the convicts would be liberated, and we would sweep the prison with a rush. A certain Thursday night was the date fixed upon, and I tell you there was murder in the air."

He held his hands over his face, as if he were thinking, and there was a long pause before he said:

"That same Thursday afternoon, when every man was trembling with expectation, two ladies and little girl were admitted as visitors. Ben Mason was that day doing some extra work—something that took him into the yard. The ladies passed him, and there was something about his face, fierce as it was, to attract the little girl. She ran to him, looked up into his face, and innocently asked: 'Haven't you got a little girl, too?' Now Ben did have, and her words cut him like a knife. The wee thing grasped his hand to detain him, and holding up a little doll which she had carried on her arm, she said: 'You may take this home to your little girl!'

Ben took the plaything from her hand, and you could have knocked him down with a straw. Though bold and bad, he was big hearted and loved his wife and children.

"Well, sir, he was floored. He turned loopy right away, and I'll be hanged if I didn't see big tears running down his cheeks! At one o'clock that night, when he was to let us out and head the rebellion, he was on his bed hugging that doll and crying like a child, and so our plans went for nothing. I think he was a regular old woman, sir—a regular idiot."

And yet when I looked into the old man's eyes he was wiping the tears away.

## A Remarkable Silver Story.

The Portland (Oregon) Bee has the following story: Rumors are rife on the streets concerning a most remarkable discovery of silver in Warco County.—The stories floating about tell of nothing less than acres or nothing springs, which, instead of water, flow streams of chloride of silver. Ship loads of precious metal are represented to be in sight, in the shape of soapy, gray substance somewhat resembling quicksilver. The mountain masses bubble and boil with escaping gases. The substance is so heavy that a stone will not sink in it, but a stick or crow-bar may be forced down into the pools of wealth several feet, when the immense gravity of the mass will throw it back into the air like an arrow shot from an Indian's bow. At least a hundred and sixty acres are covered with these springs, ranging from a few feet to a hundred yards across. Each one is surrounded with a rim of crystallized silver. The depth has not been measured, but the vast wealth in sight is enough to make every man in Oregon a bonanza king. All you have to do is to back a cart up to the edge of your spring and load in your money. Some people may think we are drawing on our imagination for these statements, but such is not the case. We merely tell what we hear. Some of the silver amalgam, said to be from these fabulous springs has positively been assayed by a gentleman in this city, and pronounced to be precipitated chloride of silver, worth nine thousand dollars per ton. If this should be true, the Comstock lode would not be worth working. Nevada would be deserted, and the silver springs of Oregon become the wonder of the world. The original discoverers are said to have been in the city purchasing supplies, and to have departed by the Dallas boat this morning, while a rival party has been fitted out by others, who claim to know the whereabouts of the "find," who go by pony express by the way of Albany and the Minto Pass, to get in ahead of the others.

A pair of Pennsylvania girls were greatly offended by a young man, who said he didn't think they were as beautiful as a couple of dreams, and meeting him in the postoffice not long ago, they each drew a cowhide and went into him "like pandemonium beating tan-bark."

When they got through with him he went home and took a good look at his back with the help of two looking-glasses.—And then he went to a circus proprietor and tried to hire himself out as a two-legged zebra.

There will be five eclipses in 1877, viz: A total eclipse of the moon on February 27, visible in the United States; a partial eclipse of the sun on March 14, visible in Western Asia; a partial eclipse of the sun on August 8, visible in Alaska, Kamtschatka, and the North Pacific Ocean; a total eclipse of the moon on August 23, partly visible in the Eastern and Southern States, and a partial eclipse of the sun on September 7, visible in South America.

## Coming Back.

You are coming soon? Yes, coming back. But who ever came and found things unchanged? Stray along the streets of your native town, you will find a change. Here and there a house missing or a new one in its place. Wander out to the old farmhouse, embowered in green trees and wild rose bushes. Do you not miss a tree here and a rosebush there, the flower beds altered? Enter the house; sit down in the familiar room. Find you it changed? Ah, yes! There is a picture missing from the wall, a sweet face from the household band; all things are changed and you most of all. Call up before you the forms and faces of those you loved in the beautiful past. Can you succeed? Ah no! 'Tis a pale phantom that you hug to your breast. Was it wise in you, this coming back? Nothing on this earth can make up for the separation between those we love. They may meet you again, but they can never be as they were, there is a void, a change somewhere. Long absence, like a great misfortune, has in itself a receding power. You may go poor and unknown, and come back with the wealth of fame upon your brow, the golden bowl of fortune in your grasp and the honors of the world resting on you; but the power to enjoy your laurels may have perished and all that would have made it sweet turned to bitterness and blight! Alas! you have lost more than you have gained!

"What matters it if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There are more soul losses besides that of intemperance; losses which no earthly prosperity ever can make up; losses made more melancholy than any wreck of misfortune; and it is these losses which make "coming back" so sad a thing.

## The Cause of Crime.

The secret of the notable increase of crime comes mainly from the vice of intemperance. Boston pays \$80,000 a year for the support of out-of-town poor, where the cause is intemperance; but this money part only presents the mercenary aspect of the case. Just look at it in the light of transmitting the crime from father to son, from generation to generation, and causing at one and the same time a whole generation of paupers and criminals. On this subject it is well to consider that the pauper class is an hereditary class, and the only hereditary class whose status cannot be affected by written constitutions. The intemperate father transmits to his posterity the propensity for intemperance. Dr. Howe, the best authority on this subject, who will certainly not be suspected of exaggeration, uses these words:

"With tipplers, on the other hand, there is a gradual vitiation and impairment of vital force. We may therefore expect that, other things being equal, their progeny will tend more strongly than the children of temperance people, or even of occasional drunkards, to fall into the dependent or pauper class, by reason of the cause mentioned elsewhere as occasioning so much pauperism—to wit, original lack of vital force. If there be truth in these views, then the right to use or not to use alcohol passes beyond the sphere of individual rights, and comes into the sphere of social rights. It certainly should do so in the form of conscience; and it may perhaps do so in the form of law. Certainly, if it could be proved that the use of any imported or manufactured articles, farmers at least would look for some power to interdict it, and would not hesitate much about using that power."

With such a text and comment let those in danger take heed that they do not fall.

## Marrying Actresses.

We should not advise a man who is not in the profession—that is, an actor—to marry an actress. Life on the stage is full of excitement and turbulence; its temptations are fascination and numerous, and it is anything but conducive to what is commonly called domestic life. The man who pursues almost any avocation distinct from the dramatic, will of far more quiet tastes and tendencies, and it will hardly bewitch his power to make the actress-wife feel that he is her equal. The best man's house and home will grow tame, his conversation become insipid, and his resources of entertainment seem sufficient. Without casting any reflections on the dramatic profession, we think it will not be denied that its members are generally unhappy in their conjugal relation. But in instances where men who are not actors marry into the profession, the cases are exceedingly rare in which any life but one of disappointment, if not misery, is led. So, accordingly, we suggest enthusiastic young man, though that young lady on the stage before you, whose talents are conspicuous, and whose beauty is radiant, that you had better not fall in love with her, and still further that you attempt not the danger of making her your wife. It will be an unequal, if not impossible, match, depend.

## The heart's action—breach-of-promise case.

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All advertisements inserted without specified time will be charged for until ordered out.  
Notices under head of "Preferred Local" Ten Cents per line.  
Announcements of Marriages or Deaths not exceeding five lines, and notices of Funerals published gratis.

Obituary Notices, Resolutions of Respect and other similar notices, Five Cents per line.  
Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

## General Local News.

WEDNESDAY FEB. 21, 1877.

Thanks to Mr. R. P. Crabtree and wife for favors.

Quarterly meeting was held here last Saturday and Sunday.

Several communications were received, but too late for this issue.

Master Commissioner, E. R. Murrell has been sick for several days.

Hon. H. D. McHenry, returned home Monday, from Washington city.

Mr. Joseph Medcalf, of Owensboro, spent a few days in this city, last week.

Horses and Jack billys printed at this office in any style desired. Prices to suit the times.

Do not fail to read the advertisement of L. J. Lyon, to be found in another column.

Don't get out of humor. Even a comic valentine is evidence that you were not entirely forgotten.

Moore, William Wickliffe and Henry M. Field, South Carrollton, Ky., spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

We call the attention of our readers to several new advertisements, which have recently appeared in the HERALD.

We have delayed publishing our premium list to subscribers for 1877, under hope of making it still larger. It will positively appear soon.

We would infer, from the number of bones and harps we hear upon our streets daily, that the juveniles contemplate organizing a minstrel troupe.

Zion church, in the upper part of the county, has been holding a successful protracted meeting recently, conducted by C. B. Phillips and J. D. Arnold.

Mr. D. L. Talbot has rented the farm of Judge R. S. Mosley near Hartford, and has moved to this place. We welcome you as a citizen to our town, Mr. Talbot.

The case of W. C. Chapman against W. J. Berry, was decided in the Court of Appeals on 15th inst., in favor of Berry, reversing the judgment of our Circuit Court.

Mrs. H. D. Taylor, and Misses Sallie Taylor and Lizzie Hardwick, of this place, who have been visiting relatives and acquaintances in Owensboro, for several weeks past, returned home Monday evening.

Mr. Robert Rowe, one of our subscribers who took the premium on bread corn has an order for some of his corn from Washington, D. C. But still some old fogies say a local newspaper is no advantage to the county.

Miss Sallie Peyton has opened a select school in the room under the Odd Fellows' and Good Templars' Hall, in Hartford. Terms per session of five months, ten dollars per scholar. Music per session, twenty dollars. Use of piano, five dollars.

The popular grocery merchant, W. C. Morton, left yesterday on the up train, but whether he has gone on for a stock of goods or not, is a question open for debate, and, probably cannot be determined until further developments are made.

The quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, held here on last Saturday and Sunday, was well attended. Rev. S. C. Allen, P. E., was in attendance and delivered an excellent sermon on Sunday. The meeting is in progress.

Our young friend, Dick Rosenberg, has gone to Philadelphia, where he will reside a week or two, and on his return bring the largest stock of spring goods ever brought to Hartford. Dick's motto is: "The early bird catches the worm," hence his departure.

See the "ad." of L. T. Cox, Rosio, Ky., in another column, dealer in drugs, medicines, &c. If you want to buy anything in his line, give him a call, and we will guarantee satisfaction. He is also agent for the Southern Express Co., and E. and P. Railroad. Also consignments of all kinds promptly attended to.

Mr. D. L. Talbot has left in our office, a specimen of the Bowling Green corn raised by him in 1876. It is undoubtedly a splendid crop. He has about seventy-five bushels of it for sale for seed corn at seventy-five cents per bushel. A sample can also be seen in Mr. E. T. Williams' grocery store.

Prof. Lavega Paxton, of Cromwell, paid us a visit last Saturday. He has just closed a very successful school in Cromwell, and we understand he will begin another session some time this week. He is a successful teacher, and gives satisfaction to his patrons everywhere.

Miss Sallie Dix, who for some months past has been visiting the family of Mr. A. L. Morton, of this city, left for her home in Breckinridge county, Tuesday morning. Miss Dix made many acquaintances and friends while sojourning in our town who will regret to learn of her leaving.

The concert at Cromwell last Thursday night was quite a success. The attendance was as large as the house would accommodate, and all the characters were acted out remarkably well. The music was very good, indeed. The two troupes contemplated giving another performance soon. Prof. Lavega Paxton superintended the concert.

Mrs. Dora Robinson, of Holyoke Academy, Louisville, is preparing a serial story for the Western Recorder which will begin to appear about the 1st of March next, and continue six or seven months. As Mrs. Robinson is an excellent writer, this will be another feat of attraction to the Recorder which is already an excellent religious and family journal.

Professor Arnold has been in our midst sometime performing in various portions of the county. We formed the acquaintance of Mr. Arnold but did not have the pleasure of witnessing one of his regular shows but saw him perform several of the most marvelous feats in legendarium. He is unquestionably a fine performer in this time and merits full houses wherever he shows.

DIED.—In Hartford Ky., February 19th, 1877. John P. Tracy aged 59 years one month and one day. Another one of our best and most useful citizens has passed away. He was born in New York State and has been a citizen of our town since about 1853. He was a prominent Mason and has always discharged his masonic duties faithfully and cheerfully. He was one of our most useful and valued citizens and his loss will be deeply felt. His funeral took place yesterday evening. He was placed in his last resting place, by his Brethren of The M. E. T. C.

We announce with regret, the sudden death of Bob, a blithe canary, the property of our estimable friend, Miss Lelia Addison, and which was loved and adored by all who knew it. Farewell, darling one. Thou art gone forever. So young, so bright and so beautiful. And now, in view of the fact that Mr. another canary, whose notes are sweeter than the sweetest, and whose plumage is neater than the neatest, Miss Bob's place, if it can be filled, will be Mr. —, we would get our shot gun and wage war on all the felices, joy birds and hawks herein abouts.

Several communications were left out last week because they were addressed to the editor individually and he was from home and did not return until the paper was issued and mailed, hence the communications had not been opened as they were supposed to be private letters.

All communications on business or for publication should be addressed "Editor HERALD," then they will receive proper attention whether the Editor is at home or not. Other news items came too late, as we go to press Tuesday before the mails arrive and anything received later than Monday cannot get in.

## Minstrel Show in Cromwell.

The Vaudeville Amateur Minstrel Troupe of McHenry and Hamilton, have reorganized, and will give one of their side splitting entertainments at Cromwell, on next Saturday night.

## MARRIED.

MURRELL-BERRY.—In Golconda Ill., on Sunday, Feb. 11th, 1877, by Judge Eldridge, W. H. Murrell, of Beaver Dam, Ky., to Miss Mattie Berry, of Hartford, Ky.

Another bark has thus been launched upon the sea of life, amid the happy greetings of a large concourse, who had assembled to witness the ceremony. The bride is one of the most beautiful and lovely young ladies ever reared in our town. We wish them a life of unalloyed happiness.

"May their eyes never want the ray They were in courtship's smiling day, Or voices lose the tone that shed A tenderness round all they said. May the hearts so lately mingled seem Like blossoms, or like the stream That smiling, leaves the mountain's brow With rocks their laughing paths to sever, Yet ere they reach the plain below, Glide into one, then flow on forever."

## Read's New York City Business Directory.

This is the title of a valuable work of commercial reference, just issued by Walter Hough & Co., printers and publishers, of 14 Park Place, New York. It contains a full and complete list of all the importers, jobbers and manufacturers doing business in the great metropolis, classified and arranged by trades and occupations, and giving their street and number address. It is an invaluable work for the country merchant. It tells him where to obtain anything from a needle to a steam engine, of first or second hands. The work will be sent by the publishers to any address, postage prepaid; upon the receipt of the price, which are as follows: Cloth, full bound edition, per copy, one dollar; flexible cloth-bound, seventy-five cents; paper covers, fifty cents.

## A DEAD SHOT.

E. C. Kelly Shot and Killed White Bunting Tobacco-bred James Greer, Charged With the Crime, Flees From the County.

On last Thursday evening, Mr. Ed. C. Kelly, of Bartlett's precinct was hauling brush from his clearing and burning a plant bed, while gone from the bed after another load of brush, some one slipped up within twenty yards of the plant bed and hid behind a tree and when Mr. Kelly returned and while he was unloading he was shot in the back, the ball going clear through his body and coming out through his breast. He called loudly for help and attracted the attention of Mrs. Westerfield near by, and she, in turn, attracted the attention of Mr. Taylor by calling for help, who went to Mr. Kelly's relief.

On being found, Kelly said that James Greer was the man who shot him, that he saw him plainly and called to him to help him to the house and not leave him alone, as he had killed him. J. S. Yates, esquire, was sent for, and Kelly made affidavit in substance as stated and his statement to everybody he saw, was to the same effect. He and Greer have had some trouble and were involved in a law suit in the circuit court.

Kelly died Friday morning at seven o'clock. Deputy Sheriff, Geo. Bunker, went out in company with E. L. Wise, jailer, to arrest Mr. Greer, but they were unable to find him.

## Grayson Shooting.

A man by the name of Ely shot a man by the name of Mercer in the Spring Lick neighborhood, Grayson county, on last Friday. Ely was living on a tract of land which Mercer had tried to get from him, and had failed. Mercer and a man named Allen went on to take forcible possession and raised a general row, which finally resulted in Ely shooting Mercer. Mercer was not dead at last accounts. Mr. E. C. Hubbard went up on Monday to defend Mr. Ely in the examining trial. There was a general row all around, and we can not give particulars before next week.

## Drowned in Green River.

Mr. Thomas Dean, a son of Summers Dean, was drowned at Neal's ferry on Green river, just below Hogg's Falls, on Monday last. He aimed to ferry himself and horse and one end of the boat being decayed, sank under and he was drowned. The horse swam out. Mr. Dean was a young man of fine attainments and considerable promise, and his untimely end is quite unfortunate.

## A Gay Lethario.

Charles Park, a saffron colored "individual" of this locality, got married one day last week, to a Miss Edison, and the next morning a Miss Ross had him arrested under a bastardy warrant. He waived an examination and gave bond for his appearance at the Criminal Court to answer the charge. It is rumored that still another dandelion of sable hue, will sue him for a breach of promise.

## Great Religious Meeting at Greenville.

Revs. J. S. Coleman and J. M. Peay have been holding a long and successful revival at Greenville for several weeks past. The meeting was adjourned for a few days, and was to be resumed last Friday evening. The awakening seems to be of a most thorough and remarkable character. It pervades all classes and conditions of society. There has already been between seventy-five and one hundred conversions and reclamations, among whom are many of the most respectable and influential citizens of the county. The county judge, sheriff, ex-sheriff and jailer, are among the additions to the Baptist church. Such a religious fervor was never known to exist in Greenville before.

G. D. Black wants it distinctly understood that he will contend for some of our premiums offered to the subscribers for the year 1877. Hear him.

HATNEVILLE, Ky., Feb. 17, '77

Measurably to set curiosity at rest, to quell the turbulence of violent sentiment, to cause the current of popular feeling to run smoother, and to those who are anxious to raise the curtain, and to have a scene of prophetic vision into future things, we would announce that the probability is, that a steed of somber hue will appear upon the arena as one of the number to course the turf anticipatory to win the county capital prize. So you may announce that G. D. Black is, or at least, will be one of the contestants for the liberal premiums you offer. Boys go along. G. D. B.

## A LIVER DISORDER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

—For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from a disordered Liver, during which time I tried many of the best physicians in the country and almost all the patent nostrums recommended, all to no effect, until I used Simmons' Liver Regulator; and from that time I used it to this day, which is now several years, I have been comparatively a sound man, having suffered very little since any time from the effects of my old disease. Consequently, I heartily recommend its use to the afflicted of liver disease.

MAR. A. F. WOOLEY, Kingston Ga.

## Public Sale.

As assignee of W. H. Williams I will on Monday the second day of April sell a large lot of goods in the town of Hartford. See hand bills and advertisement next week for full particulars.

## A Charming Evening Party

Was given by Miss Helen Foreman last Thursday, at which was present—among others—Mrs. M. T. Griffin, to whom our town boasts not a single member of its society who has done more towards elevating and refining the tone thereof. We often hear certain of our friends recalling with peculiar pride and fondness, the kind and constant encouragement she was ever wont to extend to them in their efforts in improving their young minds, and fitting themselves for all the truer, higher aims and duties of life, and well, indeed, is it that they should thus cheerfully with emotions so bright and incorruptible, their quondam associations with one so truly wise and so purely good and lovely.

Mrs. E. A. Nall, whose genius in the literary world about us shines clear and brilliant as the morning star, was also there, enlivening the party with her bon mots, at which she is quick as a bird on the wing.

Also Mrs. S. O. Peyton, to whose long record of an exemplary life in its various functions, this place will always bear cheerful testimony.

Mrs. Wayne Griffin, one of the most truly noble and estimable women that ever embellished a world, with her beautiful and winning manners, and her sensible discourse that sometimes cuts one off short in a flight of fancy, and places him on firmer grounds, was also there.

Last, but not least, Mrs. Mary Hoke made another of the circle, looking as fresh and fair as a rose, and so filling the whole house with her bright presence and pleasant sallies, that it constantly seemed gleaming with streaks of sunshine.

The fair hostess mingled among her guests with a cordial word and smile for everybody, and at the table presided with her usual grace and dignity over a most tempting and bounteous repast, served up with taste and elegance to the superior excellence of which we for one—for we, too, were represented in the party select—hereby acknowledge to doing most ample justice. To Miss Helen, as well as to her worthy mother, who reminded us throughout the day, in her own sweet way, of the value of learning at the cost of growing old so beautifully, we tender our most grateful thanks for the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of laying away in memory's cabinet the "tender grace" of a day that will never be "dead to me."

[The foregoing was written and intended for last week's issue, but was accidentally left out.—ED. HERALD.]

## "The Foot-prints of Time."

Mr. R. D. Murray has been in our town for the last few days, soliciting subscription for a new publication entitled "The Foot-prints of Time, or a complete analysis of our American system of government."

We have examined the prospectus, and from the general plan of this work, and the acknowledged ability of its author, (Baneroff,) we have no hesitancy in saying that it fully supplies a want that has long been felt by the voters of the United States, i. e. a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the true character, in detail, of our system of government.

In Part First, the author traces the germ of Democratic Institutions through the various systems of ancient and modern times, showing what each declining nation left in the way of progress in civil government to be embodied in our system as established under the Federal Constitution in 1787.

Parts Second and Third are devoted to an able and concise analysis of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial departments of the Government, with all their divisions and subdivisions.

The duties, powers, and responsibilities of every important officer in the government are set forth in a brief and forcible manner. A thorough explanation of the Presidential Electoral system, with the history of each election from Washington down to the present time, forms an interesting and instructive chapter.

The octavo volume of over 700 pages concludes with the history of every important political and historical event in chronological order from 1783 to this year, thus enhancing its value as a book of reference.

Mr. T. H. Carter of Louisville Ky, is the publisher.

We understand that Mr. R. P. Rowe has secured the agency of this work for Ohio county. If so we bespeak for him a success, for the work richly merits it, and ought to be in every family in the county.

## Nervous Prostration.

Americans like Otrogal, of Basra, desire that the golden stream should be sudden and violent, and in their anxiety to acquire wealth, overwhelm themselves with the cares of business, until their overtaxed systems are broken down under the pressure to which they are subjected. This is one prolific cause of nervous diseases so common in this country. Another and probably a greater one is the very general propensity to run into excess in excitement and the use of Liquors and Tobacco, which soon ruin the strongest nervous organizations. Such sufferers have more difficulty in obtaining relief than almost any other class. Dr. RADCLIFF'S SEVEN SEALS OR GOLDEN WONDER is a sovereign remedy for all nervous affections, no matter how they were incurred. The worst cases of nervous debility have been cured with singular rapidity by its use. The SEVEN SEALS is a pure vegetable compound containing no poisonous or unwholesome ingredients, and acts directly upon the nervous system.

## Real Estate Transfers.

Commissioner Cox to W. H. McConnel, 112 acres \$218.80  
Same to same, — acres  
Commissioner Newton to Thomas H. French, 28 acres, deed of partitions.

Same to Sam R. French, 26 acres deed of partition.  
Mrs. S. E. Westerfield to John T. Her, 50 acres, \$400  
S. S. Taylor to Farmelia A. Taylor, 20 acres \$90  
I. P. Barnard to Thomas Stevens, 4 lots in Beaver Dam, \$200

## Marriage Licenses.

Q. S. Southard to Miss Matilda Southard.  
Jesse F. Berkley to Miss Lucinda F. Thomas.

Burton D. Spurrier to Miss Sarah F. Phillips.

William Gentry to Miss Susan M. Cox.

Several of the citizens from our neighboring town, Beaver Dam, attended quarterly meeting last Sunday, among whom, we mention W. H. Murrell and wife and David Orr.

## PREFERRED LOCALS.

Cheap shoes.  
Wishing to close out in the shoe line, I offer all shoes on hand at cost.

W. P. ADKINSON.

New York, Michigan and Shaker Garden Seeds, for sale, by

W. H. MURRELL.

Backlands at T. S. Duke's at 35 cts.

Flour, Meal and Bran kept constantly on hand and for sale, at W. L. ROWE'S.

I desire to say to my customers, that I completed my first year's work here on the 14th day of Feb., but many of you have not paid me. I want to continue work, but cannot do it without money, and I hereby, respectfully urge and request all persons owing me to settle at once. G. J. BRAN.

Hartford, Feb. 21st.

The tobacco raisers of this county are hereby notified that I will buy 200,000 pounds of tobacco if I can get it at fair prices. JAMES A. THOMAS.

Hartford, Ky., Feb. 21.

All business relating to Bankruptcy and prosecuting claims against Bankrupts, promptly attended to, by

Wm. F. GREGORY, Att'y.

A fresh supply of Garden Seed from Briggs & Bro., D. M. Ferry & Co. and Shakertown, are for sale at

E. T. WILLIAMS.

If you want the nicest, freshest, best and most reliable Garden Seeds of every variety cheap go to

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN'S.

We call the attention of the farmers to the superior quality of our Hames, Traces, Back-bands, Collars, Bridles, &c., which we are selling at very low prices. J. C. THOMAS & BROS.

Just received and for sale at E. T. Williams', 1 Hhd. of N. O. Sugar and 6 bags of Coffee, all of the very best quality.

Just receiving the New Urie Plow, manufactured by the Heilmann Urie Plow Company, Evansville, Indiana. It is the plow for the farmer. I will sell it on fair terms. Repairing of all kinds done on short notice. G. J. BRAN.

Go to E. T. Williams' to get you a Pocket Knife.

## Due Notice.

Money sent us by mail unless registered, is ALWAYS at the risk of the sender. Remittances made by bank check, post-office order, or registered letter will be at our risk.

## V. B. RAINS, ROSINE, KY.,

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Notions, Perfumery, Sponges, the Soap, School Books and stationery. Pure Wines and Whiskies for Medical purposes.

Patent Medicines &c. Family Medicines and Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.

## PRIME EMPLOYMENT FOR A YEAR.

Less than 4 cents a week.

## Saturday Evening Post

Which for more than 55 years has been the best Story, Sketch and Family Paper, as is well known all over the United States. It is published weekly, contains eight large pages, clearly printed on good paper, filled with the choicest stories and sketches by the best writers; not sensational trash, but such as a mother is willing to have her children read. The whole tone of the paper is pure and elevating.

It also contains Historical and Biographical articles; Scientific; Agricultural and Household Departments; Fashion Article weekly, fresh and unexcelled; Humorous Notes; Literary Reviews; News Notes; Boys' Girls' Columns; and Strong and Sparkling Editorials, etc., etc. It is just such a paper as everybody loves to read, and the price is only

## TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Sample copy containing club rates, etc., sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp. Address.

NO. 551, BENNETT & TITCH, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Ohio Circuit Court. E. V. Phipps, Adm'r. Plaintiff. L. M. Phipps et al, Defendant. Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Thos. Phipps, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause will attend at his office, in Hartford from the date hereof until the 15th day of April, 1877, to receive and hear proof of claims against said deceased, and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred. E. R. MURPHY, M. C. C. C.

## BROWN & DAVIS.

Proprietors  
SOUTH CARROLLTON  
MARBLE WORKS  
Dealers in  
Italian and American Marble,  
and Manufacturers of  
Monuments, Tombstones &c.  
Patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. All orders will receive our prompt attention. n35 ly

## HARTFORD SEMINARY.

Next session of this School will commence on Monday, January 29, 1877, and continue Twenty Weeks, under the charge of Malcolm McIntyre, A. B.

Terms Per Session. \$10.00 Junior, 15.00  
Higher English 20.00  
Latin, Greek or French (one or all) 25.00  
Music on piano 30.00

One-half of the Tuition will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close. No deduction for absence, except in case of protracted sickness. Students will be received at any time and charged from time of entering. Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week.

## JOHN P. TRACY & SON.

UNDERTAKERS,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of wooden coffins, from the finest rose wood casket to the cheapest pine or coffin. All kinds of coffin trimmings constantly on hand and for sale. Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend funerals free of charge to our patrons.

Wagons and Buggies,

constantly on hand or made to order. Particular attention given to plow stock.

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## PERFECTION

ATTAINED AT LAST!  
A TRIAL WILL INSURE ITS POPULARITY EVERYWHERE.

When once used will retain its

WE EXCHANGE MACHINES.

Send your old-fashioned, cumbersome, heavy-running, woman-killing machine to us, and we will allow you \$15 for it, as part payment for one of ours.

IT IS CELEBRATED FOR ITS ADVANTAGES, IN THAT IT IS ONE OF THE LARGEST SEWING MACHINES MANUFACTURED—ADAPTED ALONE TO THE USE OF THE FAMILY OR THE WORK-SHOP. IT HAS THE LARGEST SHUTTLE WITH A BOBBIN THAT HOLDS ALMOST A SPOOL OF THREAD.

THE SHUTTLE TENSION IS ADJUSTABLE WITHOUT REMOVING THE SHUTTLE FROM THE MACHINE.

THIS MACHINE IS SO CONSTRUCTED THAT THE POWER IS APPLIED DIRECTLY OVER THE NEEDLE, THUS ENABLING IT TO SEW THE HEAVIEST MATERIAL WITH UNQUALIFIED EASE. IT IS VERY SIMPLE IN ITS CONSTRUCTION, DURABLE AS IRON AND STEEL CAN MAKE IT, ALL ITS WEARING PARTS CASE-HARDENED OR STEEL, AND INDIGENOUSLY PROVIDED WITH MEANS FOR TAKING UP LOST MOTION, SO WE ARE JUSTIFIED IN

Warranting Every Machine for 3 years. IT IS THE LIGHTEST AND EASIEST-RUNNING MACHINE IN THE MARKET. IT IS ALSO THE MOST ELABORATELY ORNAMENTED AND PRETTIEST MACHINE EVER PRODUCED. WITH ALL THESE ADVANTAGES IT IS SOLD FROM \$15 TO \$25 LESS THAN OTHER FIRST-CLASS MACHINES.

EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF TERRITORY GIVEN TO AGENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS OFFERED FOR CASH OR ON CREDIT.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND TERMS TO

White Sewing Machine Co.,  
355 Euclid Avenue,  
CLEVELAND, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

Or to J. F. RICE, who has the Territory of Davies, Henderson, McLean, Hancock and Ohio Counties and will be glad to show any and all this first-class Machine. A sample can be seen at Mrs. Jarboe's, Hartford, Ky. Save Twenty Dollars by calling on the above, before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction given or money refunded. J. F. RICE, Sole Agent.

## BIG CLIFTY HOTEL,

BIG CLIFTY, KY.

This hotel is situated on the Louisville, Paducah and Southwestern Railroad, and the day train from Paducah to Louisville stops here for dinner. Ample time is given passengers to eat, and a first-class dinner is furnished for only 50 cents. SAMUEL GOODMAN, Prop.

## BEAVER DAM HOTEL,

BEAVER DAM, KY.

J. POYNER, Proprietor.

This Hotel is situated on the Louisville Paducah and Southwestern railroad. Passengers for Hartford on the East bound train will have ample time for eating before going to Hartford. A first-class dinner is furnished for 50 cents. Sample menus furnished to com-

## DIRECTORY.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor.  
M. E. Church South—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.  
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

### COUNTY DIRECTORY.

#### CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
K. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—J. W. Bunker, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, E. H. Cooper, Fordville, S. L. Falkner, Hogg's Falls.  
Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

#### CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport.  
Hon. Joseph Haycraft, attorney, Owensboro.  
R. L. Wise, jailer, Hartford.  
Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues two weeks each term.

#### COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. P. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.



